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refurbished in traditional family style. It is beautiful property. We were shown around by M. and Mme. Schuyler, the latter an attractive sister of divine Odette Pol Roger.

Thereafter we went to Chateau Beychevelle, my favorite house on the Gironde, to see Achille Fould and his family. He is sadly changed, felled by a stroke, extremely deaf.

For lunch at Mouton, the Calvets and the Cruzes appeared, secular wine merchants, with world-wide interests and knowledge. We sat at table from one until four, and even at the end were loath to rise.

After the Bordelais captains and kings departed, we paced the avenues, and conversed like mad until we found ourselves again confronted with the best food and wines existent.

November 4, 1963 - Monday

E, Kisty and I drove at breakneck pace to the Bordeaux airport, to board a nine o'clock plane for Paris. With the best nostalgic will, I cannot recall another weekend so pleasing.

I went to the Embassy, talked to Chip and Cecil Lyon, read the telegrams with which Tom Finletter is so concerned, then with E went on an antiquing rampage. We bought a few necessities, including a superb pair of 18th Century Portuguese porcelain dogs at a shop on Place Furstemberg, next to the Delacroix Museum.

Back to London by ten p.m., to face routine and reality.

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U.S. BUSINESS EXECUTIVES

J. L. Atwood - President, North American Aviation

J. Paul Austin - President, Coca Cola

Eugene N. Beesley - President, Eli Lilly and Company

James H. Binger - President, Minneapolis Honeywell Regulator Co.

Edgar M. Bronfman - President, Joseph E. Seagram and Sons

Chauncey W. Cook - President, General Foods Corporation

Morgan Cramer - President and Chief Executive Officer, P. Lorillard Company

Russell R. Deyon - President, Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co.

G. Keith Funston - President, New York Stock Exchange

John D. Harper - President, Aluminum Company of America (Alcoa)

Norman B. Obbard - Executive Vice President, U.S. Steel

Robert S. Oelman - President, National Cash Register Co.

R. A. Peterson - Vice Chairman of Board, Bank of America

Henry R. Roberts - President, Connecticut General Life Insurance

Willard F. Rockwell - Chairman of Board, Rockwell Manufacturing Co.

John E. Sawyer - President, Williams College

Leo Schoenhofen - President, Container Corporation

Walter H. Wheeler, Jr. - Chairman of Board, Pitney-Bowes Inc.

Albert L. Williams - President, International Business Machine Co.

Kendrick R. Wilson - Chairman of the Board, Avco Corporation

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Earl and Countess of Bessborough
Dowager Marchioness of Reading
Sir Alexander and Lady Spearman (Conservative MP)
Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Hodson (Provost of Ditchley)
Mrs. Hugh Gaitskell
Mrs. John Carter (Ernestine)
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lippmann
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Meyer (Fleur Cowles)
Mr. and Mrs. Crawley (Conservative MP)
Mr. and Mrs. James Callaghan (Shadow Chancellor of the Exchequer)
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wintour (Editor, Evening Standard)
Mr. W. L. Clark
Dr. and Mrs. Edward Myers
Mr. Al Irving
Mr. Alfred Wells

I got to bed about one o'clock. In thinking over the day, it closely resembled so many others, in which almost my entire time was spent with compatriots--scarcely the ideal occupation for an American Ambassador in a foreign country, but one imposed almost everywhere on our Chiefs of Mission.

Oatsie Leiter left for Washington this morning, and her bed is now occupied by Philippe de Rothschild's daughter, Philippine, a favourite of ours.

November 6, 1963 - Wednesday

I went out to the shooting range this morning for a try at 100 clay pigeons.

Jim Penfield called on me at the office. He has been dallying in London since the Bonn meeting, seeing friends and buying clothes before returning to Iceland.

I lunched, at the invitation of Patrick Lindsay, with him and his partners at Christie's, 8 King Street. The other guest was Andrew Devonshire. The partners have a lunch room, on the walls of which hang prints and pictures reminiscent of the history of their establishment. The original Christie was a great friend of Gainsborough, and the engraving of Gainsborough's portrait of him depicts an exceptionally attractive looking man. One would fancy oneself

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Note:
X - no figures for the period indicated
* - figures for Oct-Dec 1961 only

THE [illegible] STATISTICS

April 1, 1961 - September 30, 1963

	Total 1961 Apr-Dec	1962 Jan-Mar	1962 Apr-Jun	1962 Jul-Sep	1962 Oct-Dec	Total 1962	1963 Jan-Mar	1963 Apr-Jun	1963 Jul-Sep
A. [illegible] CONTACTS									
1. Congressional letters and telegrams received by the Ambassador	277	62	152	86	58	358	82	173	113
2. Congressional letters and telegrams received by officers in Embassy	375	83	127	148	92	450	88	62	---
3. Congressmen who visited London	49*	3	6	4	26	39	3	4	13
4. Courtesies extended to the above Congressmen by the Embassy									
a. Met upon arrival	49*	3	6	4	25	38	3	4	13
b. Hotel reservations	48*	3	5	4	23	35	3	4	13
c. Local transportation	24*	3	4	4	26	37	3	4	[illegible]
d. Appointment with Ambassador	11*	0	1	0	8	9	2	1	1
e. Briefing by Ambassador	3*	0	0	0	7	7	0	1	1
f. Meetings with other Embassy officers	16*	1	6	4	26	37	3	4	12
g. Lunch or dinner at Ambassador's Residence	5*	0	1	0	3	4	0	1	1
h. Reception or cocktails at Public Residence	5*	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
i. Entertained at by other Embassy officers	7*	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3

	Total 1961 Apr-Dec	1962 Jan Mar	1962 Apr Jun	1962 Jul Sep	1962 Oct Dec	Total 1962	1963 Jan Mar	1963 Apr Jun	1963 Jul Sep
j. Arrangements for schedules or travel . .	26*	2	4	4	26	36	3	4	13
k. Appointments with official or non-official British . . .	17*	1	0	0	10	11	3	2	1
l. Secretarial service . .	1*	0	0	1	1	2	0	1	0
m. Accompanied to departure point	35*	3	6	4	23	36	1	4	12
B. TELEGRAPH TRAFFIC									
1. Telegrams received by Embassy	25962	8593	9312	10184	6152	28089	9954	4187	12540
2. Telegrams sent by Embassy .	8011	2669	2862	3975	3095	12601	3523	3069	5282
C. AMBASSADOR									
1. Receptions (including National Days and cocktail parties).									
a. To which Ambassador invited	262	43	60	58	67	228	30	64	63
b. Accepted.	32	2	7	11	9	29	2	7	3
2. Lunches									
a. To which Ambassador invited	116	21	26	28	27	102	13	25	10
b. Accepted.	53	10	6	9	8	33	6	10	2
3. Dinners									
a. To which Ambassador invited	178	44	60	18	47	169	39	48	10
b. Accepted.	34	4	14	4	9	31	10	4	0

	Total 1961 Apr-Dec	1962 Jan Mar	1962 Apr Jun	1962 Jul Sep	1962 Oct Dec	Total 1962	1963 Jan Mar	1963 Apr Jun	1963 Jul Sep
4. Miscellaneous Invitations:									
a. Received by Ambassador .	277	52	72	51	78	253	48	74	42
b. Accepted by Ambassador .	40	10	19	9	9	47	11	9	3
5. Days Ambassador away from London on official business .	84	12	20	18	37	86	29	7	38
(distance in parenthesis). .	(29191)	(1094)	(9358)	(7652)	(8458)	(26562)	(7348)	(714)	(7856)
6. Speeches by Ambassador . . .	19	8	8	3	8	27	4	1	0
7. Calls on the Ambassador by U.S. officials (other than staff members) - Totals:	x	26	18	22	39	105	19	4[illegible]	9
a. State.	x	5	9	9	20	43	8	8	1
b. U.S.I.S.	x	0	0	0	0	0	5	2	0
c. A.I.D.	x	5	2	5	4	16	0	2	0
d. White House.	x	1	0	0	1	2	1	2	4
e. Defense.	x	6	0	0	0	6	0	5	0
f. Army	x	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	2
g. Navy	x	0	0	2	0	2	1	4	0
h. Air Force.	x	0	0	2	0	2	1	3	1
i. Treasury	x	1	0	1	0	2	3	0	0
j. Ex-Im Bank	x	0	2	0	0	2	0	1	0
k. A.E.C.	x	2	0	1	0	3	0	0	0
l. Misc. Other.	x	6	5	2	14	27	0	14	1
8. Calls on the Ambassador by other than U.S. officials and staff members:									
a. Foreign Ambassadors. . .	x					82	7	3	4
b. Foreign Journalists. . .	x					68	41	2	4

	Total 1961 Apr-Dec	1962 Jan Mar	1962 Apr Jun	1962 Jul Sep	1962 Oct Dec	Total 1962	1963 Jan Mar	1963 Apr Jun	1963 Jul Sep
c. U.S. Journalists	x					68	32	17	6
d. Misc. Others	x	46	71	54	51	147	48	67	20
9. Calls on Foreign Ambassadors	x					77	16	6	0
I. RESIDENCE:									
1. Given by Ambassador (no. of guests in parenthesis):									
a. Receptions	31 (1496)	9 (605)	9 (299)	6 (674)	8 (239)	32 (1817)	4 (320)	7 (402)	4 (227)
b. Lunches (including those in Chancery) . .	42 (318)	18 (120)	19 (212)	13 (71)	11 (117)	61 (520)	6 (50)	11 (106)	5 (27)
c. Dinners.	33 (355)	7 (134)	11 (102)	7 (68)	8 (68)	33 (454)	9 (104)	3 (74)	3 (31)
2. Mrs. Bruce:									
a. Wives' meetings. . . .	9 (532)	4 (318)	5 (219)	0	3 (331)	12 (868)	3 (190)	4 (284)	0
b. Ambassadresses received	x	0	6	0	3	9	3	1	0
3. Overnight guests (for varying lengths of time) . . .	45	17	33	7	9	66	15	29	14

NOTE: [illegible]

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NARA, Date 12-9-91

was a revival of the musical comedy first put on in New York about 25 years ago, a story drawn from Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors. It was amusing, with all the mix-ups between two sets of twins.

The theatre seats over 2300 people, and was filled. The audience was polite, but not especially enthusiastic, in spite of its evident liking for many of the old tunes, particularly "Falling in Love with Love".

We invited the Rodgers and their friends to a supper after the performance. This turned into a seated dinner, and we kept things going until two a.m.

I have been having fun recently as a result of this article, apparently inspired by Patsy Jellicoe, in the Daily Mirror:

> "David Bruce, the American Ambassador, who lives surrounded by antique treasures in his magnificent London home, nevertheless feels that something is missing.
>
> Narwhal Tusks (seven feet long, tapering ivory) are the subject of his latest collector's urge. (If you have a couple propped on the washstand, you might let me know.) As any child can tell you, they are particularly rare tusks sported by narwhals--arctic whales to you.
>
> Countess Jellicoe, who enjoys hunting, is trying to find the ambassador a specimen. 'It isn't easy', she tells me, understating the case by the depth of an ocean.
>
> The Natural History Museum concurs. 'His best bet is to catch one of the whales....'"

I have now entered into correspondence with some of the people who have written in, offering me such tusks. I have also written to Patsy as follows, on the subject.

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November 7, 1963

(Dearest Patsy)

I am sending back the clipping from the Daily Mirror. I was not in the slightest embarrassed about this. As a matter of fact, I am intensely pleased, for it has opened the prospect of acquiring some narwhal tusks.

If Mr. North receives any more letters, I wonder if he would be kind enough to forward them to me. I am writing to Mrs. Myiius about the one she has in her possession, and I am tempted by another offered for $100, although it has a "splintered" top. Since I am told that the chief feature of a fine narwhal tusk is a beautiful terminal, I am not enthusiastic about the prospect of having a specimen that has been reduced to splinters.

Although they are rare, they are obtainable. In perfect condition, and about 7 ft. long, I think they are worth around $200. There is a whaling museum in America that has a surplus of them, and I am in course of communicating with its officers on the subject.

However, had it not been for the article in the Daily Mirror, I would have missed these opportunities. The trouble is that when the tusks are in imperfect condition they are not worth having.

I do look forward to seeing you soon.

Affectionately yours,

The Countess Jellicoe,
20 Chapel Street,
Belgrave Square, S. W. 1

P.S. I am returning one letter, referring to the fact that there is a fine example of one of these tusks over 7 feet long (which is probably an exaggeration) in a dark corner of the Stowe biology labs. If you should ever have an opportunity to take a look at this one, I would greatly appreciate it. The fact that the letter was signed "A Stoic" man mean that the writer is a wag.

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BY [illegible] DATE 6-9-71
PA or FOI EXEMPTIONS

November 6, 1963 -- Friday

Philippine left today to return to Paris.

Mr. J. F. Lombardo, President of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, came to see me this morning. He was in Saigon the day before the coup, which he regrets since he was an admirer of the late President Diem.

We had a staff meeting, after which I lunched at Bucks.

Jean Lambert called this afternoon. He has just bought an apartment in Paris, the price of which he said was about twice what a similar one would bring in New York City.

Messrs. Alan Kerr and Thomas Hoffmire (of Hanover Bank), of the American Relief Society, came to see me. I am its honorary president. They wish to change its name to American Aid Society, which would be more appropriate. They also desire to raise an endowment fund from American corporations having operations in the United Kingdom of 20,000 pounds. Last year, they assisted financially almost 1,000 stranded or ill Americans.

We heard last night of the Labour Party candidate's victory at Luton, which he carried by a 3700 majority. The returns from Scotland were slower coming in, but it was announced at noon today that the Prime Minister had carried his Scottish constituency with a majority of 9300-odd. In Conservative opinion this somewhat redeemed their sorry showing at Luton. It was a tribute to Home that over 1,000 more votes were cast at the by-election than in the last national one at Kinross.

I met Barbie Agar on the street today. When I asked about her son, Billie Wallace, she said he had returned to the hospital last night, and probably must undergo a tenth major operation. This time it would be for a stone lodged in his remaining kidney. She said she had never witnessed such a long period of intense physical suffering in any one person, which he has borne with unvarying cheerfulness and courage.

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November 9, 1963 - Saturday

Had a massage and went to the office, where I read a stack of telegrams, and talked to some of the staff.

Tonight, there was the U. S. Marine Corps Ball, at which E and I are the annual guests of honor. It is the best ceremonial party of any given, in my experience, by a component of the Armed Services.

The bar was open at 5:30, and some of the guests must have had a good start before we arrived at 6:45.

At the head table, the principal persons were Admiral Griffin, and General and Mrs. English, the new Marine Corps Commander.

We all adjourned to the bar, while the room was cleared. After our return to the large hall, there were processions with flags, fanfare, and drum-beating by the Royal Marine Band. General English introduced me, and I felicitated the hosts and guests--this is the 8th time E and I have attended such occasions. Admiral Griffin terminated the speaking. Then General English cut the many tiered cake with a sword and presented a piece to me.

My instructions were odd and specific (unbelieving, I had checked them at Marine headquarters). The Ambassador was "to bite the piece and return it to General English." At the last moment, I jibbed at this procedure and swallowed the morsel. A second piece was cut and given to the youngest Marine present. So concluded the performance.

November 10, 1963 - Sunday

I worked without stopping until afternoon, when E and I took Nicky to a revival of the Greta Garbo film "Two Faced Woman." This is, I think, the only one of her pictures I had never seen. She remains, in my estimation, incomparable

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Al came to the house at 9 p.m. with a long message from Dean Rusk to Rab Butler, containing nothing that requires immediate action by either nation.

A gale is blowing tonight; rain is falling in torrents.

November 11, 1963 - Monday

An Embassy holiday. I wrote letters, did accounts, went over invitations with E, bought rubber boots and a raincoat, before we took Nicky to lunch at The White Tower, where he absorbed exotic samples of Greek food, in spite of being on a diet because of a superfluity of hydrochloric acid in his digestive tract.

The three of us went on to the British Museum, especially to show Nicky (who is having several days of mid-term holiday from school) the Elgin marbles.

At six o'clock our reception for Congressman Wayne Hayes, his fellows and followers, commenced. In addition, we invited over 200 British and miscellaneous guests. Amongst the latter who came were the venerable Ambassador of Saudi Arabia and his wife. I was amazed at seeing her, for she had only finished paying a call on E an hour before. This was the first time I had seen Enoch Powell and his wife since he resigned office. He appeared serene. Influential Major Morrison told me he had broken four ribs in a polo game this summer.

The Congressional group has caused something of a stir here. Hays brought along on his European-UK trip the head waiter of the US House of Representatives dining room. Newspaper correspondents discovered this, and are having fun with the item. They say also that Wayne is occupying the prize $100 a day suite at the Hilton Hotel at a single-room rate, and that large reductions have been made for the others. I suppose there will be another controversy about the use of counterpart funds and other Congressional privileges.

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The contingent has fifteen automobiles allocated to it, provided or procured by the Embassy. Its members are said to have travelled in three Air Force planes, one for baggage. This may be idle gossip; I long since ceased to wonder over the mysterious operations of Congressional junkets.

At any rate, it was enjoyable seeing the NATO Parliamentarian Congressmen--Hays (D., Ohio), Homer Thornberry (D., Texas), Winfield Denton (D., Ind.), Ross Bass (D., Tenn.) Leslie C. Arends (R., Illinois) Jack Westland (R., Wash.), John V. Lindsay (R., N.Y.), Charles E. Chamberlain (R., Michigan), E. G. Berry (R., S. Dak.), most of them with wives, their staff assistants and others. Mendel Rivers of South Carolina, an old friend, also came; on somewhat different business than the others, he is travelling separately. Mrs. Estes Kefauver, an observer with the group, did not appear. Amongst other observers listed were Mrs. Birch Baugh (wife of Senator Baugh, D., Ind.), Mrs. Thomas J. McIntyre (wife of Senator McIntyre, D., N.H.), John Haley, and Captain Tillis (Surgeon's Office).

There were six escorts from the armed services. It was a formidable aggregation, and must have made quite an impact on the foreign Parliamentarians.

In usual fire-horse fashion, I hustled into other clothes to dine with E at the John Keswicks, with their daughter, Kisty Hesketh. Baba Metcalfe, Pips Keswick (Tony's son) and Lord Windlesham (son of the Hennessy, who died in an airplane accident a few months ago).

John is the one of the three brothers most actively interested in the great trading firm of Jardine, Mathieson & Co. He and his wife are leaving in a few days for another of their frequent stays in the Far East, where they are allowed to visit Peking, Shanghai, or wherever they wish in China. All three were

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Authority NND 969478 By [illegible] NARA, Date 12-9-11
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the occasion arose, Kanza would serve in his Government. Kanza answered yes.

The purported purpose of his call on me was to ask that I advise him if I heard [redacted] charges of possible disloyalty to his Government.

Knowing Kanza and his reputation, the whole affair sounds tricky.

USIS [redacted] asked me to sit for Mr. Berger, a well know caricaturist. He sketched me for about half an hour, and turned out a likeness that nearly resembled a dead dolphin.

Mucio Delgado of the Free Europe Committee came in to discuss the forthcoming trip to the United States of Sam Watson of Durham, and of Paul van Zeeland. I [redacted] received a letter this morning from Sam Watson about this.

We had a dinner tonight at the residence for the Queen and Prince Philip.

It is almost incredible how much detailed planning is involved in a dinner for the Queen. First, an inquiry is made whether she and Prince Philip would accept an invitation. If the answer is affirmative, a number of distant dates are submitted for consideration, since, except when they are away from London, almost every evening is preempted by official engagements.

Next, a list of suggested guests is sent to the Palace by the prospective hostess. Michael Adeane, the Queen's extraordinarily able, [redacted] attractive and indispensable private secretary, goes over it with her, and approval of names is so given that latitude is left for replacements in the event of refusal, illness, or other shortfalls.

In this instance, since the Queen is pregnant, she expressed the hope it would be a small party.

E and I settled on 16 as a suitable number, and she telephoned the desired guests, advising them it was to be an informal black tie affair, and they were to come at 8 o'clock, fifteen minutes in advance of the Queen.

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As soon as the household was alerted to the impending event, a wild excitement permeated the kitchen, pantry, and service quarters, even extending to the gardeners' preserves. The Polish butler, the Russian chef, four footmen, innumerable maids, began to plan as if for a mammoth carnival. Rugs were vacuumed, dust cloths worn out, pictures pushed awry, silver polished, floors waxed, and the house, having suffered from the attack of 300 cocktail gentry the previous evening, was spic and span. The chef was admonished not to encrust his pastry with amorini, the footmen not to spill sauces down backs, and altogether it was like witnessing the drilling of a company of recruits.

My only contribution was, I fear, the selection of wines, and a few pertinent inquiries as to who did what to whom. The burden of the battle devolved on E, who seems to have been, toward the end, in daily, if not in hourly, contact with Helen and Michael Adeane. Female guests telephoned to know whether they should wear long or short dresses; it was tactfully ascertained that the Queen was indifferent on the subject. There was a dreadful rumor that she did not like soup, that, in her gravid condition, she drank only tomato juice. The matter of where and when she would retreat after dinner to a bathroom required examination in the light of precedent. It was found that she would welcome having the spaniels present. (Not in the bathroom!)

Newspapermen and photographers got wind of what was to take place. The police had to be warned. A security officer from the Palace casually cased the joint.

The evening came, the guests arrived on time, the Queen and Prince Philip drove up as scheduled fifteen minutes later, followed by another car conveying her Lady-in-Waiting (the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire) and Michael Adeane.

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I met her on the doorstep, and steered her into the room where the others were waiting, while E escorted Prince Philip, the rear being consolidated by the Duchess and Michael. She knew every one ~~except the Lippmanns~~; so there needed to be only a mutter of names before the ~~bouncers~~ sluices of the bar were at last opened.

All went with a swing. The Queen appeared to like all dishes and wines, she was ready and gay in conversation, as was her husband. I confess to a fancy for her. She blends openness with dignity, has a dazzling complexion, and cordial, sympathetic, unaffected manners.

There was no need to go through the routine--that must be so boring for royalty--of bringing up individuals after dinner, in succession, for allegedly cosy chats; she quickly settled down to converse, first with Walter, and then with one or another of the men, while the Prince devoted himself to the ladies.

They stayed until almost midnight, and I hope really enjoyed themselves--anyhow they gave the appearance of doing so, as did the others.

The guests were:

The Queen and Prince Philip
Mollie and Robert Cranborne
Ian and Lady Caroline Gilmour
Helen and Walter Lippmann
Lee and Stash Radziwill
Dowager Duchess of Devonshire
Sir Michael Adeane
Edward Heath
Mrs. Maurice Macmillan

To drink during dinner we had Sherry, Trittenheimer Apotheke 1957, Chateau Latour 1955, Bollinger 1955, Vintage Port, Cognac 1906, and liqueurs, the Claret and Bollinger being in magnums.

The courses were: Consommé Royale -- Turban de Filets de Soles à la Carmélite -- Perdreaux à la Broche -- Choux Rouge Flamande -- Soufflé Glacé au Moka.

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In connection with Foreign Ambassadors, I understand that the Congolese have bought a good building for their Embassy on Chesham Place. Joe Wagner went there to their National Day. Lots of champagne was flowing; one of his British friends observed to him "Have plenty of it, Wagner; after all, your people are paying for it."

George Ball and Tommy Thompson arrived this morning from Germany, to stay with us.

I lunched with E at Charles Harding's flat at 47 Cadogan Square. The Italian Ambassador, Pietro Quaroni, and his wife, with a dozen other guests, were there. Charles has beautiful art objects, and a rotation of pictures from his gallery. I sat between Larissa Quaroni and Mollie Buccleuch.

Philip Young, of International Nickel, came to see me this afternoon, bringing with him Thomas Childs, the new Chairman of the International-Mond Company here.

George Ball and Tommy Thompson dined with me at home. We had contracted [redacted] to go to a supper party given by Loelia Westminster, after a Tate Gallery opening, but had to cancel it on their account.

November 14, 1963 - Thursday

I met George Ball and Tommy Thompson this morning, and resumed our conversation of last night on political matters.

We had a lunch today at home fo

Mr. Patrick and Lady Amabel Lindsay	Madame Esmond
Lady Jellicoe	Hon. & Mrs. Amory Houghto
Sir Steven Runciman	Mr. James Cross
Lady Catherine Giles	Miss Cavendish
Ambassador Thompson	Baroness de Waldner
Sir Ashley and Lady Clarke	The Hon. Robert Coe
	Al Wells

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I showed Bob Coe the rearrangement we had made of the Coe Collection of pictures and tapestries; he seemed pleased.

With Ball, Thompson, Beale, Anderson (from Ball's office), I went to see Foreign Secretary Butler at 3:30. Harold Caccia and others were with him. Butler talked frankly and cordially about various areas in which our two governments have differences of opinion. I was especially interested in what he had to say about Yemen, Indonesia, and Nasser. I had expected to attend the annual meeting of the Governors of the Peabody Donation Fund, but was unable to do so because of our conference at the Foreign Office.

I saw Sam Watson for a moment at the office. He has applied for a visa to go to the United States. He looked remarkably well and young. I more or less committed myself to attend again next year his Durham Miners' Festival.

We went tonight for drinks at Mollie Buccleuch's apartment, 15 Grosvenor Square, where she was entertaining in honor of a distinguished professor from the University of Edinburgh who is going to the United States to examine our methods of controlling the traffic in narcotics. There were dozens of agreeable people there, including Walter Buccleuch, the two Dalkeiths, Osbert Lancaster, Pamela Berry, the Patrick Lindsays, the Kenneth Clarks.

I got to Claridges just before the guests sat down for the dinner given by the Ends of the Earth Club, in honor of General Lemnitzer, SACEUR. Tom Beale invited me to this occasion, which is one of the two dinners given each year by this 60-year old club founded in New York as an Anglo-American Dining Club by Poulteney Bigelow and Rudyard Kipling. It was an amusing occasion, with several hundred guests, principally British, and most of them at one time connected with the Armed Services. I sat between Sir Leslie Rowan, the Chairman,

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Heath hosted us with an excellent lunch at 1, Carlton Gardens. Tom Beale, Tommy, George and myself formed the American contingent. Pat Reilly, Richard Powell and others represented the British.

E and I left at 5:10 this afternoon from Kings Cross Station for a weekend with Lady Bowes-Lyon at St. Paul's Walden Bury, Hitchin, Herts. Her place is famous for its beautiful gardens. Her husband, Sir David Bowes-Lyon, brother of the Queen Mother, was a famous gardener. She herself is said to be unusually knowledgeable on the subject; this applies also to her son Simon, who is passionately interested in agriculture, trees, and sport. He works at Lazard Brothers in the City. The original part of their house is a beautiful example of Queen Anne architecture. Her father-in-law and his family, the Strathmores, spent a great deal of time at this place; in fact, it was their chief residence, and most of the twelve children were brought up there. Strathmore added a huge, rather unsightly, wing with a water tower, which, if they could afford it, the present owners indicated they would gladly diminish. The park is laid out with great imagination. There is a lot of statuary, little gazebos, and everywhere judicious planting of shrubs and flowers. They have lately bought and erected a pavilion originally designed by Sir William Chambers. It looks over a small lake on which a pair of Royal swans are always to be seen, as well as a few ducks.

At dinner tonight there were Lord Ancaster, Harriet Pleydell Bouverie, Simon, his mother, and ourselves. Our hostess is a delightful conversationalist, and we had a happy evening.

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November 16, 1963 - Saturday

English weather could never have been more beautiful than today--bright sunshine and a cloudless sky. Three young men, Sandy Gilmour, Bryan Bassett, and Dash Pilkington, joined us, so there were six guns for pheasant shooting. We had six or seven drives in all, morning and afternoon, with an interval for lunch at the house. There were many pheasants, but Simon was somewhat disappointed in the way they presented themselves. We killed something over 100 birds and a few hares. There are about 600 acres of land over which we shot, and it could not have been a pleasanter performance.

Tonight, David Astor and his wife came down from London for dinner, a motor trip of about an hour. The men had a long talk after dinner over the port about conditions in under developed countries, in the course of which we strayed onto David's favorite subject of the Nagas in the Himalayas. His efforts to obtain better treatment for them from the Indians have thus far proved fruitless.

November 17, 1963 - Sunday

Instead of taking the train back, we motored into London, where we spent a quiet day at the house. I expected to be diverted by meeting Professor Barghoorn who stopped here for a night after his release by the Soviets, but I found he had departed for the United States this morning.

It seems almost incredible that after the beautiful weather yesterday it rained here the whole day and night, with wind of gale proportions.

November 18, 1963 - Monday

I went to see Dr. Gottfried this morning. Afterwards, Mr. York, Regional Security Supervisor for Europe, of the State Department, called on me. He told me of some of his difficulties with Congressmen at home who are at present

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trying to fire two or three subordinates for alleged wire tapping. I can almost count on at least one government official a day from Washington or posts other than our own coming to this Embassy. Many of them, unlike Mr. York, have no business of mutual interest to transact; whether they drop in from curiosity or to "make their number" is usually unclear. York had high praise for Kemp, our own security chief here. In fact, he said he thought the general personnel in this Embassy was the best he knew anywhere.

I took time off to go to Rowland Ward, the famous taxidermists, at 54 Grosvenor Street. In a moment of aberration, I gave the mounted head of a leopard I shot in 1939 in Tanganyika to Pete Carter, Audrey's manager at Staunton Hill, who seemed wildly desirous to have it. I should now like to get it back, and to substitute for it one with whose slaying I had no connection.

As it now seems improbable that Basil Reel who promised to send me from Mombassa in 1939 the head of a splendid specimen of a sable antelope that I is still alive, shot on the same trip, I inquired whether I could get a skull of this animal, spuriously to fill out my collection of game heads in the old horse barn at Staunton Hill. The horns they had were so inferior that I gave up this unsound project.

We had a lunch at home today for

Mr. Raimund and Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal
Lady Diana Cooper
Duchess of Buccleuch
Baroness de Waldner
Mr. Alistair Forbes
Mr. Martinson) with New York Ballet Company
Mr. Karstein)

Evelyn de Rothschild came to see me this afternoon. His merchant banking firm has invited Mr. Joseph Swidler, Chairman of the Federal Power Commission, to come to London from December 7 to 9, to appear before various interests who

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have heavy investments in American public utilities. Swidler has accepted, but we have had no official information or warning of his trip. I turned de Rothschild over to Tom Beale, who will now serve in a liaison capacity between the British interests and Swidler.

It is extraordinary how persistent has been the business ability of generations of members of the de Rothschild family. I had never met this one before, although I had known his father (Anthony) in the past.

I have been reading over the telegrams sent by George Ball regarding his conversations in London. They are uniformly excellent. Although he had a note taker, his own membry is such that he can dictate a memorandum, the content of which seems to fully and fairly embrace the interchanges between himself and foreign officials.

It rained steadily all day. High winds still prevailing have caused millions of pounds of damage in England.

November 19, 1963 - Tuesday

The residence was in full disorder this morning, since about 175 ladies were expected to listen to Ernestine Carter.

I said good-bye to Virgil Barr, our petroleum attache, who is being promoted to a higher position in the Bureau of Mines, Department of the Interior. I have been much struck by his ability during his term of service here.

I stopped in at Christies to see some English pictures, prints and drawings to be sold later this week, and lunched at Bucks.

I left from Kings Cross Station on the five o'clock train for York. Stash Radziwill sent his car to the station, and I motored over to the Black Swan Hotel at Helmsley, 24 1/2 miles distant.

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This large pub is a great credit to the Trust House organization, which owns some of the leading inns of Great Britain. It is a rambling structure on the attractive main square. Stash Radziwill and his partner, Felix Fenston, do things in the grand manner. When they are there in the shooting season they take over what is called the ballroom, which is reached by traversing the dining room and kitchen. It is a cheerful place, with an open fire, a long table for meals, and comfortable chairs and sofas. Not its least pleasing element is a huge grog table, supporting every sort of spirits and soft drinks.

I found the company congregated there when I arrived, playing backgammon, chatting or reading. In spite of the rain, they had had a most successful shoot, and killed about 450 pheasants as well as a few woodcock and hares.

November 20, 1963 - Wednesday

This morning was fairly clear and cold, with intermittent showers. We set out in land rovers, the only way in which one can navigate the muddy small, twisting roads which lead up and down the hills of the Feversham estate of about 8,000 acres, the shooting on which Radziwill and Fenston rented for the first time last year. Their lease has another several years to run, and the property is famous in England for what are said to be the highest pheasants anywhere shown. The guns were Samuel Nickerson, Richard Turpin, Lord Kimberley, Lord Ashcombe Timothy and Felix Fenston, Stash and myself. Turpin is associated with Fenston, as I understand it, in the management of his country properties, and with the assistance of some of the local people he produced a marvelous example of good organization.

A small army of beaters pushed the birds from open fields into the woods, where they joined some of the rest of the seven or eight thousand pheasants that

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are each year to be found on this place. The woods are on mountain slopes, and in almost every case the guns are placed in the river valleys. They do not shoot low birds, and I would estimate that the average distance at which one fires would be from thirty to fifty yards.

It was a spectacular performance. In spite of my bad shooting, and the fact that Turpin and Felix Fenston were more occupied in looking after the guests than in participating, we killed about 373 pheasants and five woodcock. We had lunch in a trailer which is sent out with a stock of food and drinks from the Black Swan. There were four drives in the morning, and two in the afternoon.

It would be quite impossible to pick up the game after the drives, were it not for the skillful placing of men and dogs behind the line to retrieve the dead and wounded, which often fall in almost impenetrable bracken and undergrowth. It is estimated that between 5 and 10% of the birds that are killed or mortally wounded escape this pick-up. Following each day's shooting there is another expedition of men with retrievers for the same purpose. This is repeated after the three-day carnival is over and the guests have departed.

Our hosts reckon on killing about 4,000 pheasants in a season of twelve days shooting. I have never seen anything to approach this for a difficult and satisfying sport with feathered game. Since there is almost always considerable wind, it is thought that pheasants passing over the line of shooters are flying or coasting at an average speed of over 60 miles an hour. There is more satisfaction in killing a single bird at 50 yards up in the air than a dozen at lower levels.

Stash Radziwill supplied merriment for all of us. He is a good shot, full of fun, and extremely good natured about being teased. When they first went to

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Yorkshire last year, some of the local people were baffled by his Polish name, and amongst many of them, he became known as Prince Rabbitswill.

November 21, 1963 - Thursday

The second day was much like the first, except on another part of the property, whose owner, Lord Feversham, died this year. It rained all day, but except for making safety catches hard to manage, the downpours did not interfere with the shooting. Most of us left on the six o'clock train from York to London. We met in the station Patrick Plunkett, and Mr. and Mrs. Brand, who joined us in our compartments and at dinner. We killed today 378 pheasants and 3 woodcock.

I have never enjoyed anything more, or had better hosts than Stash, who had so generously invited me and Felix.

November 22, 1963 - Friday

At the office I saw Mr. Summers, a former Ambassador to Luxembourg, who has been on the continent shooting and fishing in France and Germany.

Floyd Blair called on me. He is over here on business. We had our usual staff meeting, after which I lunched at home with Evangeline. She had flown to Scotland and spent the last two days with Kisty Hesketh looking for houses for the Rothschilds and ourselves for next summer.

Most of the afternoon was consumed in talk with Findley Burns, who returned from Washington this week. Our Embassy is threatened with a number of personnel changes, diminished allotments of funds, and a variety of other potential plagues.

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A few minutes after I arrived home late this evening, Nicky burst into the sitting-room to say he had just heard on the radio that President Kennedy had been shot in Dallas, Texas, and rushed to a hospital for blood transfusions. Within a half-hour, a further announcement stated he had died without regaining consciousness. Governor Connally of Texas was also shot, but it was thought not fatally.

One's immediate reaction was almost as it might have been to an atomic attack--disbelief, anger, dismay at this monstrous occurrence. Stricken down foully in his brilliant prime, his death will cause almost universal sorrow. Within his own close-knit family, there will be intolerable grief. Jackie, who so lately lost her baby, was bespattered with blood as the bullets struck her husband, seated beside her in the motorcar. He was the third of the nine Kennedy children to die tragically: first his brother Joseph, killed during the war, next his sister Kathleen in an airplane crash.

E called Lee Radziwill at once. The President was particularly devoted to her and to Stash. Thereafter, for some hours, the telephone never ceased to ring. We established a watch at Grosvenor Square, for messages of sympathy and callers almost immediately began to flow in there, and to the Residence.

I have seldom felt so sad and despondent. President Kennedy had almost all the talents, and knew how to use them for the public good. He was a gifted, admirable man, and, as a human being, one of the most attractive. E is sunk; she vastly admired him. Nicky fully shared the pervasive gloom.

I wrote out this statement for a hastily organized television program on which the Prime Minister, Harold Wilson, Jo Grimond and others appeared. It was amazing that as satisfactory and moving a performance could have been

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